

# COMPOSITION BOOK

A HENTRICH

DIARY: Memoirs of a

Mac Prophet

BOOK 2 : APRIL, MAY

2010 JUNE

## College Rule

**100 Sheets • 200 pages**

**9<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> x 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> in/24.7 x 19.0 cm**

# TOP FLIGHT

## College Ruling

[illegible]



contents

# WINDS OF CHANGE

## ~~Memoirs of a Mad Prophet~~ Book 2

April, May 2010

June, August 2010

MAY 17 - JUNE 24 : see Jailhouse Scribbles 2010.1  
JULY 3 - AUG 6 : see Jailhouse Scribbles 2010.2



13 April 2010 Tuesday

I

I drank all day yesterday but it did not get me "high" at all. I feel utterly miserable. I intend to return to Schopenhauer's work, specifically Volume 2 of The World As Will and Representation, ~~but now I am more drawn to Natural Pussel Baker.~~ *distracted by free books from APPL.*

There can be no denying the misery I feel. At least I know that there is no geographical cure for this ravaging of my spirit. Did that cop who said I am suicidal know something I didn't? Can one be suicidal without knowing it? Perhaps if another were to be forced to be me, they would do themselves in? Am I going through "inner changes"?

I am aware of my mother's pain, anxiety, and sorrow. I miss her and want to visit her. I don't see much of my family... but I am very relieved to be in the area just the same. It is good that I got away from the misery of Federal Way and out of that damn Barkley Ridge where I was constantly spied on, observed, and threatened with eviction.



I wonder if I may be ready to quit drinking - I will have a period with no funds that may force me to go without alcohol for a few weeks. Life itself is a miserable failure, not simply my life as others would like me to believe.

The main reason I don't communicate with my nephew is because I sense he is far from honest with himself, and he seems to be "acting" all the time. I can no longer engage in any dialogue with individuals who are not able to face our dilemma squarely but who insist on "being happy."

[ It is mostly likely an excessive amount of honesty which prevents me from "forming friendships." Most people prefer lies. Hence, my utter loneliness and lack of companionship. So much in our culture is based on lies and deception. Take "therapists" for example. They must "act" like they have life figured out. In other words, they present a false image and defer to the authority of psychiatrists who, in turn, prescribe ~~med~~ drugs. They ~~are~~ defend tyranny and blame the victims. ]



[ This is why I wish to avoid hospitals since, in a hospital, I am at the mercy of "conventional" <sup>representatives</sup> of this Culture-of-Make-Believe. My very existence is a threat to their most treasured lies. Many human beings are robots in comparison to me. They do not question the system but actually enforce it. Why would I want to subject myself to "treatment" I find insulting to my intelligence? ]

If my mental independence makes me "an asshole," so be it. I'll be an asshole then.

Being liked is not a requirement. Surely my mentor, Arthur Schopenhauer, would also have been described as an "asshole" as well.

I want to become such an asshole that I won't give a fuck who likes me or not.

I am afraid that, if I go back on psychiatric medication I will be forced into some kind of "program" where I will be subjected to the tyranny of "mental health workers" making a living off human misery - specifically CPC I in Aberdeen. No thanks.

Now, my mother is determined to have me put in a detox and put on psychiatric drugs. I have been back in New Jersey a little more than one month, and already I've been arrested by the Asbury Park Police. Of course, my parents will blame me and my "alcoholism." I am being harassed.



Is there any hope for me as far as rising out of my depression? Isn't it true what Joe Stacks wrote in his "Manifesto" that no amount of therapy can fix a mind that is truly broken?

I have lost my faith in psychiatry. I have lost my faith in my own mother's ability to counsel and guide me as I witness her defer to the "authority" of experts, professionals, and generally, simply blame me for adding to her stress, anxiety, and pain.

I want to call her on the phone to explain that the computer network is down again at the library. I really would like to see her and maybe help her with her yard work.

I can explain to her that I have lost faith in psychiatry's ability to alleviate my suffering.

{ ? }

My mother had somehow got the idea in her head that I was caught dedicating in the park! How the hell did she get that idea? She says it was in my email! I guess I can try to call her back to find out when I can help her with her yard work!

Thursday 4/15  
9:30 AM  
MOM



2010.04.20

43

[ I don't want to "rush" through these books.  
There are subtle notes to be recorded,  
such as, during Austin Train's speech on p 442  
of SLU, he says, "Thank you, my sick  
friends"

"Poisoned, diseased, and now about to  
be starved as well!"

"... at all costs, the forcible exportation of  
the way of life invented by these stupid  
men must... be... stopped."

The president orders Train to be cut off  
(the air). In our brave new world, our  
voices would never reach the masses.

This is the extent of the notes I wanted to  
take from SLU. ]

$\Sigma \times \Xi$

It is a new beginning for me, ~~hence~~  
hence I change the separating  
symbol from  $\Sigma ? \Xi$  to  $\Sigma \times \Xi$ .

Now I will be able to return 2 books  
tomorrow. Now I can focus my  
attention on a book I have been  
waiting for even when in the Washington state!



{ ? }

[ I'm glad I am reading all the way through Audre  
Lorde's memoirs. In the second to last  
chapter, she makes a brilliant observation:

"There was a direct link between the freedom  
movements of the sixties & seventies and the  
mass incarceration boom of the eighties & nineties  
that was warehousing ever increasing numbers  
of Black and Brown men and women."

"The older generation of Third World political leaders  
had paid for their militant resistance by  
being incarcerated in America's dungeons ever  
since. Now the younger generation was being  
bombarded by multiple strategies - drugs,  
police brutality, internal violence, failing  
schools - which demobilized them <sup>and trapped them</sup> into the  
prison system before they could even become  
socially conscious." ]

{ ? }

And so, now finished reading Arm the Spirit, I can  
return it tomorrow and not worry about Monday,  
since I'll be in court (reading Steve Toltz!).

How about them apples? Now, what shall the  
Creature devour? Some scrambled eggs ???  
Some crackers & peanut-butter? What kind  
of Twilight-Zone creatures are we?

If I can develop a great sense of humor ...  
that will ARM MY SPIRIT. How?

My entire life is solitary confinement



25 April 2010 Sunday

Yesterday at the meal at Trinity I may have actually met Trachycarpus without realizing it. He may have figured out exactly who I was. I should have known when he said his favorite author was Kurt Vonnegut.

At one point, [while walking onto the boardwalk I noticed some teenagers smoking a roach nervously. From a distance I told them not to drop it. They waved me over and very happily gave me the "roach", which I accepted, instantly, smoking it down right there on the boardwalk, praising "the youth", saying, "Teenagers rule!" ]

In the liquor store while getting rid of change, I made a little joke, "The <sup>real</sup> problem with being penny smart and dollar stupid is you end up with lots of pennies but few dollars."

One of the customers in line gave me a dollar. The dollar I had put towards the King Cobra 40 ounce was given to me by my neighbor, an older Black woman (Brenda?) who has a "white dude" - a poor white dude - as her "man." She and he are having problems with "landlord" Marshal Sigman, the guy from Manalapan who owns several buildings here in Asbury Park. It seems they suspect him of trying to rob security deposits using the law: courts, judges, lawyers. Hey, it is what it is. I do not make this shit up.



82 A FRACTION OF THE WHOLE  
[ When I finished the one 40 ounce bagar, I went out asking for quarters. I crossed paths with 3 beautiful young women in short dresses, looking very sexy. The one, the most beautiful one, said she didn't have a quarter, but she handed me a dollar and let me kiss her on the head, telling me I could kiss her anytime! ]

[ That made my day, ] made my week. I wonder if she will ever see me again, and would she recognize me? Would she let me kiss her again? Was she just teasing me? Oh, could it be that my secret identity as some kind of "Kilgore Trout" is not really a secret after all?

Now that Volume One (1986-1998) of my Memoirs is "out there" once again, it seems like my current essays and reflections on my website are that much more powerful.

People may wonder what will be "published" from Memoirs 1998-2010!

That's a long time to go without any traditional relationship with a woman. Cioran said we should only write books if we are going to write in them things we would never confide in anyone. No more shame. Speak the truth!



{ X }

I walked down the boardwalk along the ocean to Cookman Ave and checked out of the community garden Trachycarpus was describing to me. Then I headed across the tracks to eat on Prospect Avenue. There was one book left on the shelf that I had left there ~~last~~ in October (2008): Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions.

{ X }

Police just came through the building where I live and hauled some Black youth away in an ambulance. You see? I noticed how gung-ho and willing the ambulance driver I was to assist the copper in chasing down and subduing the fleeing youth.

I have no idea what it was all about. Now I plan on dumping some coffee and getting into A Fraction of the Whole all day. It's already after 2 PM, I'm sure. Reading Steve Toltz is like taking mind-altering chemicals into one's system.

{ X }

While reading A Fraction of the Whole, I, of course, fell to sleep into a long nap. I awoken lonely, but I understand that once I get a prepaid phone to put minutes on I'll be less lonely, if only that I'll be able to contact my mother on a regular basis. She also leads a lonely life.



[ Loneliness and despair are most likely the driving force behind my obsession with writing about my feelings. If I were to succumb to this culture, I guess I would turn on the television and just leave it on like so many others do, including those I truly care about and love. ]

My refusal to consider having a television in my living quarters could be what I really alienates me from society in general and women-as-partners in particular. ] Even Robin and my nephew do the "domesticated" routine, but I am not judging those who utilize television, just pointing out a concrete example of the consequences of refusing to conform to the way of life lived by my contemporaries. ]

[ As there is no one in particular for me to love or care for, and since my mother's nerves are so shot that it is difficult not to become irritated with her constant demands for me to be quiet while she collects her thoughts, I am beginning to accept the fact that ~~I don't~~ she just can't handle my intellect. I love her and hate that she feels so "terrible" about her so-called uselessness to employers. What is so terrible about being useless to those who would simply abuse her? Is she to spend the rest of her life suffering from anxiety and grief? Oh, sad world. I like to see my mother laughing, not crying... but her tears are authentic, so it is what it is. ]



{ X }

[ I delight in the way Martin Dean describes himself in To/t2's novel :

" Sadly, in the space of a few months, Terry finally saw me for what I was ; an 11 year old grump, a souf, depressive, aggressive, proud, ugly, mean, myopic, misanthropic kid - you know the type."

Well, Martin Dean, even if your brother, son, step-father, and nature despise you, you are now one of my literary heroes.

I pause to read my own memoirs. The inner world is the most I feel, and even relationships are "put in order" in silent contemplation.

Contemplation is a worthwhile endeavor. When I am walking alone out there, or sitting alone, and I notice people walking in pairs and groups, I do not feel at a disadvantage at all. No. We each stand alone no matter what company we keep.

There is some poetic justice in this life. Life is making me "harder" in that, I rarely pine away for romantic entanglements. I do still love Nati of Freehold, perhaps more than ever, but my lifestyle prevents me from pursuing a wife. I live too simply, too frugally. My values conflict with society's values.



"The leader must be able to be alone and must have the courage to go his own way." - AH

§ X §

I have to admit that the fact that the landlord (Shaloda) is stingy with the heat infuriates me. Shaloda would hate this cold place, but she would complain fiercely!

Why do his tenants put up with it? We are the fuel for the landlords' fire.

This is just one more life experience telling me truths we're supposed to remain quiet about.

§ X §

26 April 2010 Monday

I awoke angry at the shumbord landlord for having the heat turned off. Celine was so right I in Journey to the End of the Night: landlords are the scum of the earth.

Derrick Jensen said we have to be prepared to be hated by the entire civilized world. I don't feel so much hated as mocked as a joke; but I'm sure there are plenty who want to see me silenced.

I have to become harder and harder so that public opinion can be transcended. Although I have refused to participate in the carnival of consumption,



Σ X Σ

Having been off psychiatric drugs since December 2008,  
and I suppose I have COME ALIVE.  
I'm not writing a novel like This Perfect Day. I'm  
living it!

Shall I put together an essay to be placed in  
Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume Two?

Σ X Σ

The so-called first "African-American" president of the  
United States of America has an imperial mindset...  
Only certain types of personalities ever make it to  
positions of power.

It is a hopeless situation. There is nothing to do but  
react to this futuristic police state where one is  
trapped between those who will jump you for the  
change in your pocket and police who will keep  
your arms and legs for minor infractions like  
pamphlet screaming in a Park. These judges,  
police, landlords, doctors, and even librarians  
think/know we are powerless and lonely.  
Those who serve the system seem to hate  
those who are powerless. I see right through  
these little fascists!

How nauseating to me to be called a Nazi  
by my nephew and his goofy wife!  
Do they expect me to sit back and  
defer to their happy-happie horse crap? I am alone.



[ I was "blown away" at witnessing so many beautiful Black women being harassed by this system. ~~I am~~ not alone. We are ]

Why was my slumborg, Marshal Legman, present at court?  
He heard the tone of my voice - the utter contempt in my attitude:

I don't have a phone  
I can't afford a lawyer.

Σ X 3

27 April 2010 Tuesday

[ I experienced a psychotic fit of rage in my apartment last night directed against the legal system, specifically, the arrogant mannerisms of the judge who could not hide how enamored with power he has become.

The place was packed with mostly Afrocentric women and men, along with handfuls of Latinos and about 10 "Europeanids".

The whole atmosphere in the courtroom was rather comic despite the "seriousness" of the farce. There are many brothers and sisters trapped in this "NET" with me.

Maybe my rebellious spirit may gain emotional support from "looks in the eye".

My 135 pound physique seems to grant me some sympathy from some of the Streets. ]



Now I want to work on some kind of essay explaining the struggle to keep my spirit strong. I will link *Don't Come Back, Mike!* with my research on suicide, specifically the ~~info~~ study done in Germany noting that problems with police, landlord, or neighbors is enough to trigger suicide. Also, a direct reference to one of the participant's comments about how this may be exactly what the system does... gets the I have nots to off themselves.

Shall I go into detail about how I just longed to be dead last night, that I had ~~so~~ so much rage against the system that I have to take very deep breaths to calm myself down? When I awoke, after eating some tuna fish, my spirit actually resurrected!

The trick may be to just not give a fuck, to not care, to not be concerned.

Σ x 3

The APPL was closed for a librarians conference today, so I was unable to send my mother any word about court. I wonder if my mother thinks I got locked up. I'll have to explain to her that I was a 25¢ short - couldn't call her. Let her sweat it? What choice do I have?



still 2010.04.27

Σ X Σ

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[

I still find it difficult to fathom that all my computer equipment, parts, data, and software was just thrown in the garbage while I was away in Washington in 2009.

What is even more difficult for me to fathom is, that I am not very upset about it, that I've been able to deal with it calmly. It's as though I lost everything in a fire!

And yet, here I am, living the life of a true bohemian!

Bohemian → a person who has an unconventional life-style that often reflects protest against or indifference to convention. <sup>syn: maverick, nonconformist</sup>  
rel- beat, beatnik, dropout, hippie, iconoclast, eccentric, original, recusant

Σ X Σ

[

I am thankful that mom kept the old machine, I had given her, just as I am glad I had the foresight to salvage my hard drives. I keep myself occupied for hours exploring the drives and intend on organizing the contents over time. I am glad to be off the floor while working on the computer. I have much material to post over the next few days. I've really become accustomed to this Bohemian lifestyle 12 years strong!]



[ From Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole :

"Caroline and I stood together as they dragged Terry away to a mental asylum. I looked at my parents incredulously, at their inexorably tepid souls. All I could do is uselessly shake a clenched fist and think how people are so eager to become slaves it's unbelievable. Christ. Sometimes they throw off their freedom so quickly, you'd think it was burning them." ]

30 April 2010 Friday

[ Waking up, listening to Democracy Now on WBAI, besides the racist laws being pushed in the state of Arizona, we hear about the worst offshore oil spill in the history of the Industrialized World. ]

[ There are ~~at~~ 5000 barrels of oil per day spewing into the ocean in the Gulf of Mexico. This, at a time when President I'll Bomb-Ya has proposed to open the Atlantic coast to "off shore drilling." ]

Daily life becomes a ritual, and this, listening attentively to Democracy Now on WBAI with pen and notebook out is a major aspect of my "identity".



X<sup>o</sup>

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While walking out of the Trinity I was telling old Harry that I <sup>wish</sup> someone would drop a \$20 bill. An older Black dude overheard me and started harassing me. I didn't have the patience for his arrogance (ignorance) and I let it be known.

A fight was about to erupt I guess. I walked away, to the library... and calmed down.

I saw the sexy young librarian and the "Nameless One." I even said, "Hello Nameless One." I said, "It was a beautiful night last night, no?"  
She said, "The boardwalk." I said, "Where were you?"

"The boardwalk." She said, "I was walking the boardwalk from my house all the way to Belmar and back. I walked from 6PM to 8PM. I'm so tired."

"You walked with your daughter?"  
"Yes."

I sure wish she would pursue me more aggressively.

As I walked around asking for 15 cents, nobody had anything for me. I could sense the irony. So called "privileged white man" begging for change among the most vulnerable population. I defy protocol!



Some will resent me for having section 8 and collecting SSD,  
for not working, for not even wanting to work,  
for shamelessly engaging the copulatory dance at the  
sisters and Chicenas, and for being  
so outspoken. What? I'm not playing my role?

Rather than get upset begging, I'm just going to hide  
away reading A Fraction of the Whole.

Forget the haterz. I'm used to it by now.

Even Mitch hated on me in Federal Way —  
so much he couldn't hide it! Mark I also  
hated on me. Even Freddie Brown could not  
hide his resentment of my mental independence!  
Who else? Gail — sometimes. Bernadet —  
she was an arrogant bully bitch who hated my  
blue eyes.

I see when people hate me, and I just  
don't care. It just angers me. I'm sick of  
it. I'm in RAGE MODE. No more tears.

I don't have to like or support President Obama just  
because he's African American. In fact, there  
are plenty of ~~upset~~ ~~haterz~~ ~~haterz~~ of those  
of I dare I pigment who support the system.

I may one day have to fight them as well.

In an era of universal deceit, speaking the truth is  
revolutionary! I am Furor Scribendi!



2010.05.13

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"Denouncing civilization takes its toll when you continue to exist within it."

Life is really a miserable experience. I had wanted to "be here" for my mother, to at least be able to help her by talking her through some of her difficulties, and yet, how many months will she rail on and on about how she "has to get a job"?

When will she give up hope, like I have done? When in the state of Washington, I told myself I just wanted to return to be near my parents, even if only to die here or end up in jail.

I'm sick of this life. I've been sick of this life for as long as I can remember.

I guess I am waiting to die, waiting to experience the impact of this collapsing civilization. I no longer have any desire to write a book, mostly because of how poorly my ideas have been received by people on the Internet, in the streets of Seattle, and my own nephews.



53  
2010.02.13  
I guess I am just as lonely here in Jersey as I  
was out in Washington. What I have  
returned to? My own squelchy life.  
Shafonda is not here for me,  
emotionally. She never has been.

B is going through changes. Gibby is not  
really around, and I am very  
much trapped on "economic house arrest".  
Still, I am relieved to be on this side  
of the continent as I felt the authorities  
closing in on me. I was so sick  
of living in constant fear of my damn  
Born-Again Christian neighbors of calling  
the police on me.

I was also fed up with the scene over at  
Freddie Brown's. Sick of depending on  
Safeway for food. Sick of the fucking  
security guards, sick of  
my nephew flipping the script on  
me.

Moving to the battle area so far from Jersey did  
serve to liberate me from "CPCD"  
"behavioral healthcare" and psychiatric  
medications. It ended my reliance upon my  
father for extra cash. It got me far  
enough away from Shafonda to get over  
any emotional attachment I may have had.



There is no getting around the fact that I am at odds with the silent majority. For now, I am "off the radar" and I do not participate in any "programs" or "therapy". I don't even have a psychiatrist.

I'm so thoroughly disgusted with "professionals", "experts", and all the other gorts who feed into "career advancement goals".

This society is too stupid, too shallow, and too materialistic to appreciate or value me as a "Creature". I totally reject the values of this "make believe culture" I'm in.

I've seen enough of this world to know that there are many gorts who enjoy seeing me suffer in. I want, for it, I help them to mock my so-called "genius".

It genuinely is quite liberating to acknowledge our hatreds, resentments, and lusts.

Maybe I am becoming "harder" at last.

~~I am among those~~ I see too much. I see too clearly.

All is nightmare, and yet there are very few people who are able to face this fact. No. I will NOT "shut up and listen"!



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EX3

[ This morning, around 10 AM or so, while walking along the boardwalk, I noticed - as did others - a strange "yellowish-brown" tint along the horizon all along as far as the eye can see. The older folks say it's from pollution, most likely... ]

Interlude: 40 DAYS & 40 NIGHTS

An interlude into Monmouth County Jail  
Late Spring 2010

May 18<sup>th</sup> to June 23 2010

intro  
section 1  
section 2  
section 3



JAILHOUSE  
SCRIBBLINGS

2010  
BOOK ONE  
(SPRING)

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PARTS I ~~II~~  
loose.



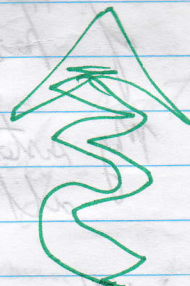
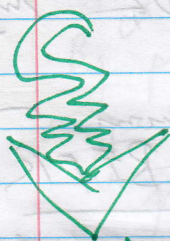
30 June 2010 Wednesday

I've been drinking much beer recently, I wonder why I bother. Perhaps today I may give it a rest, purchase some garlic and onions, cook pea soup... I notice I do not eat very regularly. I actually did eat better in jail. Holy hot dog!

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PART II  
LOOSE

5 August 2010, Thursday

Teresa Brown took my computer & accessories?  
What say bumpchopping on the ghetto while MM be gone.  
Mudslide Mike? Mission Mike



Coming Around Full Circle?

Without computer, without work

But if they see my hard drives  
partitioned up like genius idiot jerk.

Not Mission Mike. "genius idiot jerk"